

mind had been dissipated, was there no possibility that it might again shine forth with a clear light ? Why, when he was striving to emerge from the depths and whirlpools in which he had been overwhelmed, and to reach some good and safe haven, did not all with one consent help to throw out a cable so as to afford him the possibility of reaching a safe anchorage? His last words were to appeal from the sentence of the archbishop and from the decree of the Parliament, and who would deny that such an appeal ought to have been received ? Yet his willingness to return from his wanderings into the right path availed him nothing, nor was any change of opinion—which is usually allowed as a means of retreat to a penitent—able to preserve his life from the brutality of his enemies. Toulouse, as usual, careless of humanity and culture (of which it never was a partaker), satiated its love of cruelty by wounding and destroying him. It filled its mind and feasted its eyes with his tortures and his death. Preposterously and absurdly puffed up by the pretence that it has acted in accordance with duty and has vigorously maintained the dignity of our religion, it has really acted with the greatest injustice. It has persecuted so severely and cruelly those who have fallen under suspicion for some trifling error, or who have been altogether falsely charged with the crime of heresy, that they have been impelled by their tortures utterly to deny Christ, instead of being led gently to repentance. In short, every one who rightly considers these things will come to the conclusion that at Toulouse more than anywhere law and right keep silence, while violence, hatred, and the denial of justice prevail. And as the city so ridiculously arrogates to itself a very high reputation for sound and faithful belief, and claims and wishes to be considered as the light and ornament of the Christian religion, let us for a moment consider whether there are any just grounds in which this claim can be supported. . . I appeal to your own personal testimony, and I am certain that you will readily agree with me that Toulouse has not yet acquired even the rudiments of Christianity, but is given over to superstitions worthy only of the Turks ; for what else is that ceremony which takes place every year on the Feast of St George, when horses are introduced into the Church of St Estienne, and made to go round it nine times, at the same